

## When He's Ready by pookiestheone

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This is a sequel to [The Photo](#)

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It was late as Steve stood waiting for Billy to get his coat and books from his locker. The hallway was deserted and the classrooms were dark. Only a few of the hall lights were still on and the one nearest them was flickering and humming.

“C’mon, Billy, let’s go.”

“Keep your pants on.”

Steve reached out and jiggled Billy’s ass.

“You didn’t say that last night. Matter of fact, you couldn’t get them off fast enough.”

“Stop it.” He pushed his hand away.

Steve slipped his arm around his waist.

“That’s something else you didn’t say last night. I’m pretty sure I heard “Harder, harder, big boy.”

Billy reached to get his history book from the top shelf, squinting and rummaging through the mess, pushing things to one side, finally stretching into the back in a vain search for it. Steve took advantage of the stretch to slide his hand down to squeeze his cock tightly.

“Jesus!” Billy jumped back and pulled almost everything out onto the floor. “Asshole! Help me pick this up since it’s your fault.”

“Why the hell do you keep so much shit in there anyway?” Steve asked as he knelt down, grabbing sheets of paper, what looked to be an empty ball point and a flyer for some band. Then he spotted the photo. He looked a Billy who was crouching beside him.

“You want to get that?” he asked nodding to the photo.

Billy looked at it for a second.

“No, you can if you want.”

Steve picked it up and held it to the flashing light. It wasn't a girl. A once pretty but now obviously ill and tired woman sat at a kitchen table, a cake with candles in front of her. Although the photo was in colour and a bit faded he could still tell that she was almost as pale as the white icing on the cake, but her smile was warm as she looked at the camera.

“I took that of my mom,” Billy volunteered quietly.

Steve handed him the picture and they gathered the rest of the things in silence. Billy found his history book and stuffed everything but the photo into the locker; he put that carefully into the book it came from and placed it once again at the back of the shelf. He grabbed his coat and locked the door.

“Right, let's go.”

As they walked down the hallway Steve put his arm around Billy's shoulders. *He'll tell me when he's ready.*